THE EMERALD.

....SEMPER REFULGET.....

No. 5.

Boston, Saturday, May 31, 1806.

For the Emerald.

THE WANDERER,

No. XXX.

ALTHOUGH the Wanderer has not frequently quitted the gayer walks of literature, he now steps aside, without reluctance, to introduce a correspondent who conveys the precepts of sound morality in a pure and dignified style. The subsequent essay ON PLEASURE, should receive attentive perusal from all who are exposed to the influence of fashionable vices.

A pallid youth, beneath a shade,
A melancholy scene display'd:
His mangled face, and loathsome stains
Proclaim'd the poison in his veins;
He raised his eyes, he smote his breast,
He wept aloud and thus address'd:
"*Forbear the Harlot's false embrace,*
"*Though lewdness wear an angel's face;*
"*Be wise, by my experience taught;*
"*I die alas! for want of thought.*

COTTON.

RELIGION is accused of insufferable severity in prohibiting *enjoyment*; and the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgotten that they once were young. And yet, my readers, to what do the restraints of RELIGION and the counsels of AGE with respect to *pleasure*, amount? They may be all comprised in a few words; "NEITHER HURT YOURSELVES, NOR OTHERS" by your pursuit of *pleasure*. Within these bounds *pleasure* is *lawful*; beyond them, it becomes *criminal*, because it is *ruinous*. Are these restraints any other than those a wise man would choose to impose on himself? RELIGION or PHILOSOPHY calls you not to renounce pleasure, but teaches you how to enjoy it; instead of abridging it, she exhorts you to pursue it with safety. She proposes measures for securing its possession and for prolonging its duration. Though she may appear to contract the bounds of enjoyment, you will, upon reflection, find, that in truth, she enlarges them: what is delightful in human enjoyment she readily allows; and not only allows, but heightens by that grateful relish, which a good conscience gives to every pleasure; and not only heightens, but, when correcting the excess of some passions, gives room for the growth of others. Amid the turbulence of riot, and the fumes of intoxication, unknown are the pleasures of generous friendship, heartfelt love, and domestic society; unknown the conscious satisfaction, which accompanies honourable pursuits, and the justly acquired esteem of those who surround us.

To aim at a constant succession of high and vivid sensations of pleasure is an idea of happiness altogether chimerical; calm and temperate enjoyment is the utmost that is allotted to man. Beyond this, we struggle in vain to raise our state; and, in fact, depress our joys by endeavouring to heighten them.

Instead of those fallacious hopes of perpetual festivity, with which the world would allure us, RELIGION confers upon us a *cheerful tranquility*. Instead of dazzling us with meteors of joy, which sparkle and expire, it sheds around us a *calm and steady light*.

Recollect your own feelings; inquire on what occasions you have felt the *truest satisfaction*; whether days intermixed with *pleasure* and *business* have not left behind them a more agreeable remembrance, than whole nights of licentiousness & riot. Look round you on the world; reflect on the different societies which have fallen under your observation; and think, who among them enjoy life to most advantage; whether they, who encircled by gay companions, are constantly *fatiguing* themselves in quest of *pleasure*; or they to whom *pleasure* comes *unsought*, in the course of active, virtuous, and manly life?

It is an invariable law of our present condition, that every *pleasure* which is pursued to *excess*, converts itself to a *poison*. In all the pleasures of sense, it is apparent, that only when indulged *within certain limits*, they confer *satisfaction*. No sooner do we pass the line, which temperance has drawn, than pernicious effects come forward and shew themselves. Could I lay open to your view the monuments of death, they would read a lecture on moderation, much more powerful than any that the most eloquent writers can give. You would behold the graves, peopled with the victims of intemperance. You would behold those chambers of darkness hung round on every side, with the trophies of luxury, drunkenness, and sensuality. So numerous would you find those victims to iniquity, that it may be safely asserted, where war or pestilence have slain their thousands, *intemperate pleasure* has slain its ten thousands. How long shall it be, ere the fate of your predecessors in the same course teach you wisdom? How long shall the experience of all ages continue to lift its voice to you in vain? Beholding the ocean, on which you are embarked covered with wrecks; are not those fatal signals sufficient to admonish you of the hidden rock?

We all of us have experienced the effects which any indisposition of the body, even though slight, produces an external prosperity. Visit the gayest and most fortunate man on earth only with sleepless nights; disorder any single organ of the senses; corrode but one of the least of his nerves; and you shall presently see all his *gaiety* vanish; you shall hear him complain, that he is a miserable creature, and express his envy of the peasant and the cottager. And can you believe, that a disease in the soul is less fatal to *enjoyment* than a disease in the animal frame; or that a *sound mind* is not as essential as a *sound body* to the happiness of man? Let us rate sensual gratifications as high as we please; we shall be made to feel that the seat of enjoyment is in the soul.

The man of moderation alone brings to all the natural and innocent pleasures, that sound uncorrupted relish, which gives him a much fuller enjoyment of them than the pallid and vitiated appetite of the voluptuary can allow him to know. He culls the flower of every allowable gratification, without dwelling upon it, until its sweetness be lost. He stops at the point before enjoyment degenerates into disgust, and *pleasure* is converted into *pain*. Moderate and simple pleasures relish high with the temperate; whereas it is great fortune

if the voluptuary does not return disgusted even from a feast. In the pleasures which are regulated by moderation, besides, there is always that dignity which goes along with innocence. No man need to be ashamed of them. They are consistent with honour; with the favour of God and of man. But the sensualist, who disdains all restraint in his pleasures, is odious in the public eye. His vices become gross; his character contemptible; he ends in being a burden to himself and society.

By unhappy excesses, how many amiable dispositions have been corrupted or destroyed? How many rising capacities and powers have been suppressed? How many flattering hopes of parents and friends have been totally extinguished? Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good humour, which once captivated all hearts; that vivacity, which sparkled in every company; those abilities, which were fitted for adorning the highest station, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course, or sunk, for the whole of it, into insignificancy and contempt! These, O sinful pleasure, are thy trophies!

Retreat then, from your dishonourable courses, ye who, by licentiousness, extravagance, and vice, are abusers of the world! You are degrading, you are ruining yourselves; you are grossly misemploying the gifts of God; and mistake your true interest. Awake then to the pursuits of men of virtue and honour. Break loose from that magic circle, within which you are at present held. Reject the poisoned cup, which the enchantress pleasure holds up to your lips. Draw aside the veil, which she throws over your eyes. You will then see other objects, than you now behold. You will see an abyss opening below your feet. You will see VIRTUE and TEMPERANCE marking out the road, which conducts *to true felicity*. You will be enabled to discern, that the world is enjoyed to advantage by none, but such as follow those divine guides; and who consider "PLEASURE AS THE SEASONING, BUT NOT AS THE BUSINESS OF LIFE."

FOR THE EMERALD.

No. 2.

THE objection against Mr. Bryant's system, because of its endangering the Christian religion, we have found to be destitute of solidity, and Mr. B. is perfectly clear from every possible imputation which could be attached to the support of an opinion savouring of infidelity. The life of Mr. B. has been an unequivocal proof, of a contrary doctrine; his labours in theology have been gigantic, and his mind has always been bent towards the establishment of truth.

Yet notwithstanding these facts Mr. Bryant has been so violently opposed, that the author of the Pursuits of Literature found it requisite to defend him. "Some persons," says he, "have even declared that Mr. Bryant had no right to touch the subject, that nothing can be more contrary to reason than to suppose, that the existence of a city and a war, of which we have read with delight from our boyish days, could be called in question. They allow the amplification of poetry, and its embellishments, and even

the anachronisms of Homer. But Troy did exist, and the Grecians did once besiege it, and Hector and Achilles were as real heroes as the Archduke Charles and Bonaparte. Most certainly I will quarrel with no man "about Sir Archy's great-grandmother." It is a question of probability and not of proof. But nothing can be farther from Mr. Bryant's character than the imputation of having attacked the faith and credibility of ancient or of any *history*. It is scarcely entitled to notice. What was Troy? with what part of history is it connected? Is not the Trojan war *an insulated solitary fact?* If it were done away, is any historical event whatever made to fall with it? When it is stated, that four hundred and thirty ships (no matter of what size) were employed by the Grecians in the Trojan war in the twelfth century, and only eighty-nine in the Peloponnessian war in the fifth century before Christ, is this matter of *serious* history? Is not the whole *allowed* to pass the bounds of any probability but that of the poet?"

In addition to these arguments, the reviewers justify Mr. Bryant by the question, "whether those who oppose him do not co-operate to the same end? They say confessedly, that they do not believe the whole; and most of them give up the grand confederacy of the Grecian states at that early period, and the remote alliances with Rhodes, Epirus and Thrace. They do not credit the ten years' preparation for war, nor the ten years' duration of it, nor the thousand ships and hundred thousand men. They hesitate at the story at Aulis; and seem to doubt whether Iphigenia were turned into a hind, and Hecuba afterwards into a she-dog: and they make other great concessions. But, in doing this, they act the same part as they suppose the author to have done, and sacrifice many things which have the sanction of ages. Hence if the credibility of religion be impaired by these diminutions and drawbacks, they promote the evil as much as the author; he denies the siege of Troy, and they question every material circumstance with which it is said to have been attended. They reduce the whole to a buccaneering war and a piratical transaction. But this is contrary to the whole tenor of history; and if our faith can be by such means hurt, they contribute to its ruin."

We have seen then that Mr. Bryant's arguments are very strong to prove the object of his investigation; and that his opponents, finding themselves unable completely to controvert him, have been obliged to resort to collateral objections.—Hence it appears, as far as we have examined, that there is yet no reason to disbelieve Mr. Bryant's arguments disproving the "existence of Troy in Phrygia, and the expedition of the Grecians as described by Homer."

BIOGRAPHY.

A brief sketch of the life of FREDERIC SCHILLER, the German Dramatist; condensed from the Monthly Magazine. *Concluded.*

His Don Carlos, which he continued during his residence at Dresden, was soon interrupted. He began to read every thing that related to Philip; the library of Dresden afforded him abundant materials; and he became imperceptibly so deeply interested, that he neglected poetry for a time, and maintained an intimate connection with the Muse of History, to which we are indebted for his "Revolt of the Netherlands from the Spanish

Government." The preceding historians of Germany had been less attentive to the beautiful Muse of History than to the dull spirit of chronicles: he united German industry with the elegance of the ancients.

At Leipzig, or rather at Gohlis, a charming village near that city, where he passed a summer with Mr. Goschen, he continued and completed his Don Carlos. Jinger, a writer whose premature decease Comedy still deplores, resided during the same summer at Gohlis, and they contracted a mutual friendship for each other; and probably the lively company of the comic had no small degree of influence over our tragic poet, whose tone of mind was at that time distinguished by uncommon vivacity.

From Leipzig Schiller returned to Weimar, the residence of so many men of genius. Here he acquired the friendship of Wieland, and likewise of M. Von Wollzogen, whose sister he afterwards married.

Some years afterwards Schiller was appointed professor of history at Jena, and he taught that science with almost unexampled applause. At a later period he likewise held lectures on æsthetics. Were we to describe the scholar striving with the utmost zeal to attain the highest possible degree of perfection, it would be necessary to shew how he learned Greek of Schutz; how, instigated by Reinhold, he indefatigably studied the criticism of Kant, and made himself intimately acquainted with the best poets of all ages and of all nations.

That he might be able to study and to labour with less interruption, he reversed the order of nature. Night, when all the bustle of life is over, when universal silence prevails, when the attention is not drawn off by exterior objects, and all the energies of the mind may be exerted with undivided force—Night, with its profound repose, its sacred stillness, and sublime tranquillity, was more agreeable to him than noisy distracting day. However singular it may appear, it is not the less true, that in the evening he might be found at his breakfast, and at midnight deeply engaged in business. The stamp of midnight is in fact strikingly impressed on many of his compositions. By this conduct he, alas! abridged his cheerfulness, his pleasures, and even his life.

It was impossible not to perceive what the Academy possessed in Schiller. In the year 1796 he received a regular honorary professorship, with a salary of two hundred dollars, which after he left Jena was continued to be paid by the Duke of Weimar, and was augmented a short time previous to his death. Meanwhile Goethe, who had become the friend of Schiller, endeavoured to restore him to life and its enjoyments. Jena, he perceived, was not the place for this purpose; it was necessary to remove him to a region of greater freedom, and he invited him to Weimar.—This removal had the desired effect. He appeared to be again attached to life by more pleasing ties, and was completely happy in his domestic circle, among his children.

This cheerful tone pervades all the works he composed in the latter years of his life at Weimar: they are not the offspring of sombre midnight, but the productions of genial day. Among these was his "Maid of Orleans," which gained him additional reputation; an eye-witness to the first representation of it observes, that when the play was over, all thronged out of

the house to see him. The extensive space from the theatre to the Ranstadt gate was crowded with people. He came out, and in a moment a passage was cleared. "Hats off!" exclaimed a voice: the requisition was universally complied with; and thus the poet proceeded through multitudes of admiring spectators, who all stood uncovered, while parents in the back ground raised their children in their arms, and cried—"That is Schiller."

Schiller was tall, and rather slender.—Even during his residence at Jena his body seemed to suffer from the exertions of his mind: his face was pale, and his cheeks hollow; but silent enthusiasm sparkled in his animated eye, and his high open forehead announced the character of profound reflection. His whole demeanour was calculated to excite confidence. There was nothing in it of reserve, nothing of pride, haughtiness, or affectation; every expression was marked with such candour and sincerity, and unfolded such excellent qualities of the heart, that before you had passed a quarter of an hour in his company, you felt as if you had been acquainted with him for years.

Sickness attacked him early, and here his medical attainments were prejudicial to him instead of proving advantageous, for they made him too attentive to his body and its changes, and deprived him of the repose so necessary for the re-establishment of his health. A premature report of his death was circulated in the public journals; but when it proved unfounded the Duke of Augustenburg in conjunction with Count Schimmelmann, secured to him a pension for life.

He died in May 1805. During his illness he was quite delirious, spoke much concerning soldiers and the tumults of war, but still more frequently pronounced the name of Lichtenberg, in whose works he had a short time before been reading. Towards noon he became more composed, and fell into a gentle slumber, from which he awoke once more in the possession of his faculties for a short time, of which he availed himself to take a painful farewell, and to desire that his body might be committed to the earth without any pomp, in the most private and simple manner. He was even cheerful, and said, 'Now life is perfectly clear to me: many things are now plain and distinct.' He soon afterwards sunk again into a slumber, from which he never more awoke.

"His body was opened: the lungs were found almost entirely destroyed, the chambers of the heart were nearly filled up, and the gall was uncommonly distended. An accurate cast of his skull was taken for Dr. Gall. His funeral was fixed for Sunday, but as his body advanced too rapidly to corruption, it was found necessary to inter him in the night between Saturday and Sunday. According to his own desire, he was to have been carried to the grave by artisans, but several young literati and artists, desirous of evincing their love and respect to their distinguished colleague even in death, relieved them from that duty. Among these friends of the immortal poet were Professor Voss and the painter Jagemann. In profound and solemn silence the coffin was borne to the church yard between the hours of twelve and one. The sky was entirely overcast, and threatened rain; the blustering wind rushed awfully through the ancient roofs of the vaults, and the trophies groaned.—But no sooner was the

coffin placed before the vault, than the wind suddenly dissipated the gloomy clouds; the Moon, in mild majesty, burst forth, and threw her first beams on the coffin with the precious relics. They were carried into the vault, the Moon again veiled herself in clouds, and the wind roared with augmented violence.

"Schiller has certainly left behind works worthy of the press. Among these is a finished performance entitled "The Expedition of Bacchus to India." His latest tragedy, "Attila," is not completed. His papers promise a rich harvest for universal history. His respected brother-in-law the privy-counsellor Von Wollzogen, perhaps with Goethe's assistance, will undoubted take the necessary measures for giving this rich treat to the world."

Schiller did not die rich. He was neither narrow-minded nor prosaic enough to scrape money together. As the master of a family, in which he maintained the utmost regularity, his conduct was unblemished: he was an excellent husband, and the father of four children. But the state of his health, and his entire mode of life, which was regulated by the rooted disorders with which he was afflicted, rendered necessary a proportionably greater expense, though in his exterior he observed the utmost simplicity, and was a decided enemy to ostentation. Schiller was made a citizen of France, and was elevated by the Emperor to the rank of a nobleman of the German empire. Both these privileges were conferred unsolicited. During the last four years of his life he resided at Weimar, in a house of his own, situated in an alley that runs through the midst of the town, and combining a variety of conveniencies. The purchase of this house, and the elegant style in which he furnished it, cost him considerable sums. A few years before his death his pension was increased by the Duke, but in return he performed very essential services to the theatre. He suffered all his plays to be first represented there, for which he required no compensation, and acted on all occasions in the most disinterested manner.

The hereditary Princess of Weimar has not a little increased the enthusiasm which every heart feels for her, by the declaration that she will provide for Schiller's two sons.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS

And Original Remarks.

GARRULITY is no slight disturber of domestic quiet. The following strictures though severe are elegant and contain a metaphor well carried through.

"Persons who are trifling, tedious and incessant talkers, and who hurry down the stream of loquacity without ballast or rudder, convince us that their speeches originate in the mouth and not in the understanding. It is observed that the tongues of such babblers should not be permitted to float loose and free in their mouths, but should be restrained and directed by the strong and deeply fixed anchors of judgement and discretion."

An Epigram may further shew the folly of too frequent speaking.

Because I'm silent, for a fool,
Beau *Clincher* doth me take;
I know *he's* one, by surer rule,
For—I heard *Clincher* speak.

Vacuum.

There are some persons, from whose conversation we retire with a thorough conviction of the existence of a vacuum.

The plagues of small towns.

A lawyer with great knowledge, great sophistry, and no justice; an eminent physician, with little skill or conduct; a preacher without any conscience; a politician without principles; and a man of letters who eternally dogmatizes.

Selim I. emperor of the Turks, was the first emperor that shaved his beard after he ascended the throne, contrary to the Koran and the received custom; and being reprimanded by the Mufti, he answered, "That he did it to prevent his vizier's having any thing to lead him by."

Impromptu.

J'avouerai sans peine avec vous
Que tous les poetes sont fous,
Mais sachant bien ce que vous êtes,
Tous les fous ne sont pas poetes.

The above has been happily translated as follows:

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

Charity.

Herodes, a celebrated Athenian philosopher, one day relieved a man, by granting him the subsistence of a month. "I know this man," says he "who affects the garb and manners of a philosopher, to be a knave and an impostor; but I give him my charity as, though *he* has lost the character of humanity it is not for *me* to dispense with its feelings."

From the Monthly Magazine.

In the Asiatic Researches is a translation of an Indian grant of land which was made about the year of our Lord, 1018. So strongly did the warmth of their poetical imaginations incorporate itself with every production of the Oriental writers, that even in this simple legal transaction we meet with a string of moral sentiments clothed in elevated metaphorical language, and worthy of being compared with the philosophical strains of Simonides or Theognis. I have rendered a few of these sentences into English verse, and will here present them, in order to illustrate the comparison I have made:—

Unthinking youth, life's first impetuous stage,
Too oft partakes the swift approach of age,
Woos to his arms the tyrant of his race,
And dies, empoison'd by the foul embrace.
This frame of man three unrelenting foes
Besiege with sure variety of woes;
Death and old-age their blasting force unite
Against the peasant's toil and monarch's might;
The third, ordain'd by hostile pow'rs above,
Is separation from the friends we love.
That pang strikes deepest in the human heart,
That bitter anguish, when we say—"We part"—
The moment when our lips pronounce—"Farewell!"
Is as the fall from upper heav'n to hell.
The life of man, and all his glitt'ring joys,
Are the most frail of Nature's frailest toys;
Like rain-drops trembling on the leafy spray,
The gale scarce breathes, and scatters them away.

The miseries of parting and of absence have in all ages afforded an ample theme to the amorous muse in her tenderest and most melancholy moods; and there is no subject on which descriptions more natural, or that come more home to the softest feelings of the human heart, occur to us in the writings both of ancient and modern poets. It is alluded to in the foregoing verses with all the warmth and force of Asiatic imagery. In the following lines it appears to us in a style of playful gallantry, resembling the lighter compositions of our own age and country; yet there is no lover who has not more than once experi-

enced sensations very similar to those which it describes, when the avocations of business, or the commands of parents, have forced from him his unwilling consent to a temporary banishment.

When I left thee, Love! I swore
Not to see that face again
For a fortnight's space or more;
But the cruel oath was vain,
Since the next day I pass'd from thee
Was a long year of misery.

Oh then, for thy lover pray
Every gentler deity,
Not in too nice scales to weigh
That constrained perjury!
And thou! Oh pity my despair!
Heav'n's rage, and thine, I cannot bear.

On account of the strong affinity in sentiment of the foregoing epigram to many of our modern love-songs, I have given it such a form of verse in my translation as might render the resemblance more complete to the ear of an English reader; and the same reason led me to adopt the peculiar metre in which I present the following:—

Why will Melissa, young and fair,
Still her virgin-love deny,
When ev'ry motion, ev'ry air,
The passion of her soul declare,
And give her words the lie?

That panting breast, that broken sigh,
And those limbs that feebly fail,
And that dark hollow round her eye,
The mark of Cupid's archery,
Too plainly tell the tale.

But oh, thou God of soft desire,
By thy mother, thron'd above,
Oh let not pity quench thine ire,
Till, yielding to thy fiercest fire,
She cries, at length, "I love!"

Women in their nature are more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, *keep a watch* upon the particular *bias* which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw *too much*, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other that of being brisk and gay. Men should beware of being captivated by a sort of savage philosophy—Women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic; the woman into a coquette:—the man grows sullen and morose; the woman impertinent and fantastical.

The following beautifully solemn and impressive Hymn, extracted from *Carr's Northern Summer*, is said to be recited over the dead body of a Russian, previous to its inhumation.

Oh! what is life? a blossom! a vapour or dew of the morning! Approach and contemplate the grave. Where now is the graceful form! where is youth! where the organs of sight! and where the beauty of complexion!

"What lamentation and wailing, and mourning, and struggling, when the soul is separated from the body! Human life seems altogether vanity; a transient shadow: the *sleep of error; the unavailing labour of imagined existence;* let us therefore fly from every corruption of the world, that we may inherit the kingdom of heaven.

"Thou mother of the sun that never sets; Parent of God, we beseech thee, intercede with thy divine offspring, that he who hath departed hence, may enjoy repose with the souls of the just. Unblemished Virgin! may he enjoy the eternal inheritance of heaven in the abodes of the righteous."

While the American fair continue to imitate Trans-atlantic fashions without aiming at originality in dress, occasional descriptions of European costumes cannot be unacceptable.—We this evening present

THE LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Full Dresses.—A loose robe of undressed crape over a dress of white satin or sarcenet, embroidered all round with silver; the sleeves quite plain, and embroidered to correspond with the dress. A tiara of silver, or steel, adorned with gems or cornelians. White gloves and shoes.—A round dress of fine muslin over white sarcenet.—Broad lace let in down the front and round the bottom. The bosom quite plain, trimmed with a quilling of lace, and ornamented with a medallion or broach. A long silk shawl, the ends embroidered in colours. The hair dressed with a bandeau of velvet and diamonds. White gloves and shoes.

Head Dresses, &c.—A turban made of an Indian shawl, ornamented in front with a medallion. A turban of very thin muslin, finished with a long end from the top.—A small round cap of thin muslin; the front ornamented with worked vine leaves.—The hair dressed with a tiara.—A morning dress of thick white muslin, made up close to the throat with a collar.—Necklace and armlets of cornelian.—A straw hat turned up in front.

General Observations.—The favourite colours are pea-green, lilac, and yellow. Spring pelisses of soft silk of various colours are worn, but not generally. Spencers and mantles are more worn. Feathers have almost entirely disappeared, both in full and undress. Small wreaths of flowers painted on lace are much used for the dress or the head.

Foreign Literary Intelligence.

A Supplement to the Life and Posthumous Works of Cowper, consisting of Original Letters, addressed chiefly to the Rev. Walter Bagot; to which is added, an Index to the whole work; by W. Hayley, Esq. was published in March.

Mrs. West, whose "Letters to a young man" have been so much admired, has published "Letters to a young lady, on the duties and characters of women."

The volume of poems expected from Robert Bloomfield has been published under the title of "Wild Flowers; or, pastoral and local Poetry."

"Lectures on Belles Lettres and Logic," by W. Barron, F.A.S.E. and professor of Belles Lettres and Logic in the University of St. Andrews, have been published in 2 vols. octavo.

The publication of "an Account of the life and writings of James Beattie, L.L.D. in two volumes quarto, was expected at London in April.

Mr. Carr, author of the "Stranger in France, a northern summer, &c." is preparing to publish a work under the title of the Stranger in Ireland.

The Poems of Ossian, in the original Gaelic, are in considerable forwardness, and will speedily appear, accompanied by a latin translation.

A new and enlarged edition of "Pinkerton's Geography" is considerably advanced at the press and will be published in the course of this year.

Mr. Bigland has in the press, and nearly ready for publication, Letters on Natural History. The object of this work is to exhibit a view of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity, so eminently displayed in the foundation of the universe, and the various relations of utility which inferior beings have to the human species.

Domestic.

THE first half volume of the American edition of Dr. Rees' New Cyclopædia, has been published at Philadelphia, by S. Bradford. *The eleventh number of the Original work has appeared in London, where 5000 copies of the early numbers have been sold, and a second edition called for.*

A volume of ORIGINAL POEMS by Thomas G. Fessenden, author of Terrible Tractoration &c. has just been published at Philadelphia.

Samuel Stansbury and others will speedily publish an octavo edition of WALKER'S CRITICAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY, from the London quarto, containing the last improvements and corrections of the author.

"AN ORIGINAL TRANSLATION" shall be inserted in our next. Spirited translations from any of the modern languages will always be acceptable.

We welcome PHAON.....we *want* SAPPHO.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Emerald.

SPRING.

Spring, the rosy queen of flowers,
Parent of the genial showers,
Comes the langaid world to cheer.
Earth oppress'd by winter's gloom,
She arrays in roseate bloom;
And wakes to light and life the purple year.

Lo! I see her glide along,
Circled by the blooming throng,
Of Pleasures, joys and graces,
Coupled warblers twitter sweet;
Round the flocks with nimble feet;
While peeping flow'rets, shew their laughing faces.

Zephyr, of her winds the chief,
Sweetly kisses every leaf,
Pants upon the blossom's breast;
While the ceaseless hum of bees,
Noise of water brooks, and trees,
Shed calmness round, and lull the soul to rest.

Sweet upon some high hill's head,
To see the lovely scene wide spread
To meet the enraptur'd eye;
Sweet the boundless, placid seas
Just ruffled by the slow-wing'd breeze,
And sweet the gilded town afar to spy.

But sweeter, dearer far, to me,
From noise, from care, from business free,
To rove dark woods among; [er,
To make acquaintance with each flow-
Each plant, which envious woods embower,
And listless set me down to hear the wild birds song.

Love, so poets us'd to sing,
Revell'd in the bowers of spring,
Then lov'd to lurk in ladies' eyes,
Would burnish bright his disus'd bow,
And laughing aim the secret blow,
Or glide himself within and make the heart his prize.

So, indeed he us'd to play,
Till once upon a luckless day,
Old Plutus stopt the roving boy,
And gave him gems, and shining gold,
Glittering clothes his limbs to fold,
And, infant like, they are become his only joy.

Is it then the glare of riches,
Which the glowing heart bewitches;
And captivates the godlike soul?
Can it so enthral the mind,
That there no place for love we find,
No room for soft affection's sweet controul?

Breathe it not to winds of heaven,
For sure thou canst not be forgiven,
Thus to wrong the human heart;
For sweet benevolence so mild
And pity, virtue's dearest child;
Friendship and feeling there their heavenly flames impart. R**

For the Emerald.

[Translations and imitations of the 9th ode of Horace have not been unfrequent. We, however, insert the following, because we think it will not suffer by a comparison with preceding versions.]

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes, geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.

HOR. ODE IX. BIB. I.

I see the lofty mountain now,
All white with heaps of frozen rain,
And oaks of many an age below
Their pond'rous load can scarce sustain.

The streamlet, which, in murmurs mild,
Meander'd thro' the mead before,
By winter's iron finger chill'd,
In murmurs now is heard no more.

To drive away the brumal air,
And warm my soul with thoughts divine.
The gladd'ning blaze aloft I rear,
And quaff in cups of racy wine.

But trust me Flaccus, all is vain
To drive from out her caverns rude,
Grim melancholy, grief, and pain,
Sad imps of green-ey'd solitude.

Let him, consum'd by inward rage,
Or whom false love has taught to pine,
His rage forget, his love assuage,
By all the mystic powers of wine.

Unanswer'd love and rage within,
I know ye not, vile sadd'ning brood,
But pangs beyond the power of wine
I know, the pangs of solitude.

The friend alone of kindred mould,
(Vain is the sparkling ruby flood,)
Can drive away that inward cold,
The chill of wintry solitude.

PHAON.

For the Emerald.

"*To Sincerity.*"

CHASTE Patroness of truth! I rev'rence thee!
And thou of heavenly race art surely sprung!
Who keep'st thy conscience still from error free,
And mak'st the heart the ruler of thy tongue;
Who scorn'st the expectation to controul,
When fortune seems to crown the hope in bloom;
When fate denies—still resolute of soul,
Thou seal'st with equal faith an adverse doom:
Belov'd *Sincerity!* O let me bear
Thy precious tidings when they lead to joy;
But never let me those dread accents hear,
Which tend domestic comfort to destroy;
Lest pity prompt me thy fair path to leave,
And with a pious fraud, the gentle heart deceive.

EPIGRAM.

TOM, though a vicious life he led,
With every one some fault would find;
TOM's call'd a satirist.....agreed,
His life's a satire on mankind. Z.

SELECTIONS.

That the learned language of Greece was not unsuited to the strains of modern gallantry and sprightliness, a French Gentleman of the seventeenth century appears to have endeavoured to prove, when he wrote a most elegant copy of Greek verses addressed to a lady who had recovered from the small-pox without injury to her beauty. The ingenious author gave it for a title, "The Wrath of Venus;" and it may not be unamusing to compare it, in an English dress, with translations from the ancient poets:—

AS Love on Venus' bosom lay,
He saw the wife of Fleury stray,
And charm'd he flew to meet the dame,
And call'd her by a mother's name.
Neglected Venus strove in vain
The little rover to restrain;
For Cupid, pressing to the fair,
Lurk'd in the tangles of her hair.
No more the Queen of Cyprus smil'd,
But wept, deserted by her child,
Till awful vengeance she demands—
Rage fills her breast, & arms her hands.
The earthly Goddess she assails,
And furious tears with pointed nails,
The roseate face, and heav'nly breast,
Where Love delighted lay at rest;
And left her rival to deplore
Her ivory forehead spotted o'er,
And drooping, as the flow'ret pale
Shrinks from the wind and beating hail.
Now shuddering Love began to mourn
By cruel hands her beauty torn—
Each soft persuasion he applies
And words of sweetest promise tries,
And charms of healing power he chose
That smooth'd the skin, reviv'd the rose,
And call'd his brother Loves to grace
With heav'nly aid a mortal face.
To beauty and to health restor'd,
By Cupid's art, she charms her lord,
And soon a blooming infant smil'd,
Like Cytherea's darling child.

PITY.

SOFT as the falling dews of night,
The tear of pity flows;
Bright as the morn's returning light,
That gilds the opening rose:
Sweet as the fragrant breeze of May,
Her sympathetic sigh?
Mild, as the dawning tint of day,
The beam that lights her eye.

Still, gentle spirit, o'er my heart
Preserve thy wonted sway;
Teach me to blunt affliction's dart,
And sooth her cares away.

EFFECTUAL MALICE.

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Colin's the sharpest is—succeeds the best:
Others outrageous scold, and rail down right,
With serious rancour, and true christian spight:
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design;
Writes scoundrel verses—and then says they're mine.

A new solution to an old problem.

'TIS clear, since Brandy kill'd *Tom's* scolding wife,
That drinking rids us of the cares of life.

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